



## Special Notices.

No notice can be taken of anonymous communications. Whatever is intended for insertion must be submitted in the name and address of the author, not necessarily publication, but a sure guarantee of good faith.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for any views or opinions expressed in the communications from our readers.

The new postal law now makes the taking of a newspaper and the refusal to pay for the same, or any person guilty of such an act is liable to criminal proceedings, the same as if he had stolen goods to the value of \$100.

**Local Notices.** We wish to call the attention of the readers of our paper to the fact that many local legacies, recently made by our乡親們, are available to state in a newspaper to be printed in a newspaper published in the town where the property is located, if there is a paper published in said town. Order your advertisement inserted in this paper.

## CHRISTMAS IS COMING.

BY H. M. HILL.

"I'm glad," exclaimed a little maid, "I'm glad as ever I can be. In just ten days my mamma said We've got our Christmas day and tree... give stores of cash, I'll look and see What I can buy, and then I'll give a pie With dimes and all, there'll be three, I've saved this great long while."

"Oh, won't I have the greatest fun For not a single soul shall know What things I lay for any one— But won't they guess and bother, though?"

"I'll make a list and write it out, Just as the big folks always do. And 'mow all my aunts and uncles, too."

"Mamma, I've got a present for her, I know, a nice nook of all the things One that strikes with hanging whirr, But, like a bird, lovely singing."

"Paper! A fishing rod that flies, That comes to lots, takes up 'em tall, 'Till I cost a sight—the mousie's mare, And I'll afford it—that is all."

"Then brother Tom, great, a perfect beast, Deserves not any decent thing But I'll be good, and try to please The people with a truly ring."

"A' this done for you, my boy, 'tis with my hair and snip my eyes, A' lot of money I must pay— What fun to see her great surprise!"

"With I more real money had, For there's Annie's gift to boy, And there's a poor, poor, sad, Give them something I must try."

"If only money would rain down At every Christmas time at least, I'd give all boys a feast."

## Nellie's Christmas Eve.

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

Christmas was near at hand, and they were very busy at Walnut Hill. The house was filled with company, and there was a great deal of work to do.

Nellie had been on her little feet ever since sunrise. She was very tired, and ill, too, with something worse than mere bodily ailment, hopeless, heart-breaking sorrow.

Little Nellie was an orphan. Years before, when she was so young she could only dimly remember the sad event, her father had died. They lived in the heart of a great city at the time. But being left very poor, and in feeble health, the widow was led, by the hope of obtaining respectable employment, and the expectation of finding an old friend, to remove to the neighborhood of Walnut Hill.

The friend she hoped to find was in his grave, and as the place afforded her employment, having no alternative, but to support herself and her child by constant labor, she settled down, and went to work, doing plain sewing for the shops in the village.

Years drifted by, and the widow toiled patiently and uncomplainingly, and little Nellie grew up a happy, promising child.

Sie and her mother were all in all to each other. During the day they were inseparable, and at night they slept in each other's arms.

One night, a night that Nellie, never in all her after life forgot, the child was roused by her mother's voice. "Nellie, Nellie, get up and light the candle, my darling."

The child obeyed, something in her mother's voice stirring her little heart with vague terror. She brought the light near to the bed-side, and seeing her mother's face, cried out in wild anguish.

"Oh! Mamma, what is the matter?"

"Come closer, my little girl, and don't be frightened; let me clasp you in my arms, darling! There now, I'll tell you what it is, Nellie my last hour has come; I am dying, my child."

Nellie's cry filled the silent night with piteous echoes.

"Hush, my love," panted the dying mother, struggling hard for power to speak. "You will not be left to perish. The Father of the fatherless will have you in His tender care, my little Nellie. The loving Father, who cares even for the young sparrow, will care for you. When I am gone, Nellie, some one will be raised up to befriend you. You have heard me speak of my dear friend, Mrs.

Goldthwaite; if you could only find her, Nellie! But, alas, I have not heard of her for years! But there's a letter; I wrote it when I was ill before; you will find it under the cover of my Bible, Nellie. It is addressed to my dear friend, Alice Goldthwaite. If by any chance you ever hear of her, send that letter, and she will be your second mother. You won't forget, Nellie?

"No, Mamma, I won't forget." Then there was silence. The breathing became slower, the white face more ghastly. Nellie shrieked aloud in her terror and agony.

"Mamma, Mamma, tell me what to do?"

"You can do nothing, my darling! Only kiss me, Nellie. Oh! Father in Heaven, into thy tender hands I commit my fatherless child!"

And that was the end. The white lips spoke no more. Nellie's mother was dead.

Nellie was now wholly friendless. But Mrs. Hathaway, of Walnut Hill, being in need of a girl to look after her baby, offered her a home. Nellie had no choice but to accept the offer.

For a long, weary year, she had lived there, until that wintry afternoon, which opens our story. A little maid of all work, doing any and everything that came to hand, and receiving small thanks and encouragement, and smaller pay.

"Take Robbie into the library, Nellie, while Jane tidies up the nursery," commanded Mrs. Hathaway; "and be sure you don't let him get mischief."

Nellie obeyed. Robbie was a restless little fellow, and for some minutes he kept her close at his heels; but, at last, she got him quieted over a picture book; and then she drew a small scrap of paper from the pocket of her dress, and began to examine it closely. "Charles Goldthwaite, Esq., Attorney-at-law, Grafton," were all the legible words the bit of paper contained. For weeks Nellie had carried it in her pocket.

"I wonder where Grafton is, and if Charles Goldthwaite knows any thing of Mamma's friend? she thought, looking wistfully out into the falling twilight.

Crash! and a loud scream from Master Robbie. Nellie turned round. The little fellow had climbed in a chair, and pulled down his mother's pet Dresden vase, and shattered it into fragments.

"Oh! My buttons! See what Rob's done! Won't you catch him, Nellie?" cried Rosabel, putting her head in at the door; "I'm going straight to tell Mamma!"

In two minutes Mrs. Hathaway appeared.

"You wicked, idle, disobedient girl," she cried, pale with anger; "didn't I charge you to keep Robbie out of mischief? Take that, and that, and that; and I wish you'd take yourself out of my house; you're not worth yourself."

She struck the child savagely, as she spoke, blow after blow.

"No, dear, it is not Heaven."

"Please, sir," she asked of a teamster, "will you tell me how far Grafton is?"

"On! not very far. Just beyond Cedar Creek." Nellie struggled on.

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